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Northern Messenger

W. W. Bronscombe 1st 1908

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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

The Paradox of Strength.

Refusal to consider one's self strong is one of the secrets of strength. For the strongest man is he who knows that his strength does not lie in himself. This would seem to be just as true in the secular and the business and the physical world, as in the spiritual. The men who lead in every walk of life are the men who know that their hope and safety lie, not in themselves, but in what they can constantly acquire from sources outside of themselves. The scholar is he who continues to study. The financier is he who is alert to what is occurring in the money markets to-day, and what is going to occur to-morrow; not he who rests on his knowledge of what occurred yesterday. The successful athlete is the one who recognizes that the instant he becomes confident of what power he has, he is likely to lose that power. And in the work of the Kingdom—as a southern pastor preaching in mid-ocean on the cruise to Jerusalem last spring put it—'when we begin to feel that we are fountainheads, then comes failure.' The sons of the light cannot afford to be less wise than the sons of this world.—'S. S. Times.'

Light in the Darkness.

So much is said of the sordid and sinful life of the dwellers in the East End of London, that we are apt to overlook the other side of the medal. The cloud of misery has, however, its silver lining. Numbers of the residents are living noble and heroic lives in circumstances calculated to crush out everything but selfishness and degrading vice. Mr. George Turnbull, writing in the 'World's Work,' tells of a visit to some of the sweated workers in Bethnal Green. One of these, a match-box maker, received twopence farthing per gross, paid three farthings a day for paste, and had to keep a fire to dry it when applied, her total earnings, after protracted hours of labor being fifteen pence per day. On the wall was the text 'Kept by the power of God,' and over the work table 'Only be thou strong!' Naturally Mr. Turnbull remarks, 'Faith! was there ever such faith?'

Her Brother's Keeper.

The daughter of a famous French pastor, who is now a mother herself, began her life by being a good sister.

She had an only brother, and he was a medical student. She realized a little of the temptations to which a medical student must be exposed, and she determined in her simple, girlish way that she would make her own womanhood the crystal shield to protect her brother from the snares to which he would be exposed. She, therefore, made it her business day by day to enter into all her brother's pursuits and to understand his interests. She was allowed a little private room in the house, and to this she used to ask him to come and talk over the events of the day. She even overcame the natural shyness of a girl, and she would get him to kneel down with her, and she would pour out her sweet, girlish heart in prayer that God would keep this beloved brother unspotted by the world.

That brother has grown up and is now himself a married man, and has his family about him, but he said once to his sister, 'You little know all that you were to me when I was a young man. My temptations were so maddening that I used sometimes to think that I must yield to them, and do as other young men did around me; but then a vision of you would rise up before me, and I said to myself, "No, if I do this thing I can never go and sit with her in her own little room; I can never look into her dear face again."'—Selected.

Sowing Time.

(S. M., in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Earth, that looking to the skies,
Under shadow and sunshine lies,
Asks the hand of man, and cries,
'Sow in hope!'

Nature's voice from hill and dale
Echoes God's own promise well—
'Spring and harvest shall not fail:
'Sow in hope!'

—The 'People's Own Paper.'

SOWING THE SEED IN SPAIN.

Clouds, that ride the breezes fleet,
Shedding pearly treasure sweet,
From their gilded thrones repeat,
'Sow in hope!'

Sow, for sin and death are strong!
Souls immortal pass along;
Sow for God amid the throng—
'Sow in hope!'

Sunbeams, cheering earth and heaven,
Spring's first boon to winter given,
Call to man from morn to even,
'Sow in hope!'

God's own word is living seed;
Fear not, though it long lies hid,
He the increase hath decreed—
Thence our hope!

To a Mourner.

Do you know what you are saying?
All the days are dark to you—
Never comes a lift or lightening—
Never strength to see them through

Do you know that every life-time
Yes, the narrowest and most drear,
Is a cup that still runs over
With the gifts of God most dear?

Do you know that thousands, thousands,
In this world of sin and shame,
Bear a burden to which yours is
But the emptiest, idlest name?

Do you know God's saints are chosen
Often times to suffer sore,
That the down may be more golden,
When the suffering is o'er?

Do you know He gives them sorrow,
Makes it often sharp and long,
That their voices may be sweeter
When they join the glad 'New Song?'

Do you know the lot He chose Him,
When on earth He drew His breath,
Was the cradle in the manger,—
And the house at Nazareth?

Do you know the path He travell'd
Firmly, strongly, day by day—
How the tears and thorns commingled
Till the cross barr'd up the way?

Do you know how dark the death-cave—
How she wept there, Magdalene;
Soon how real the Resurrection,
And the great Ascension Scene?

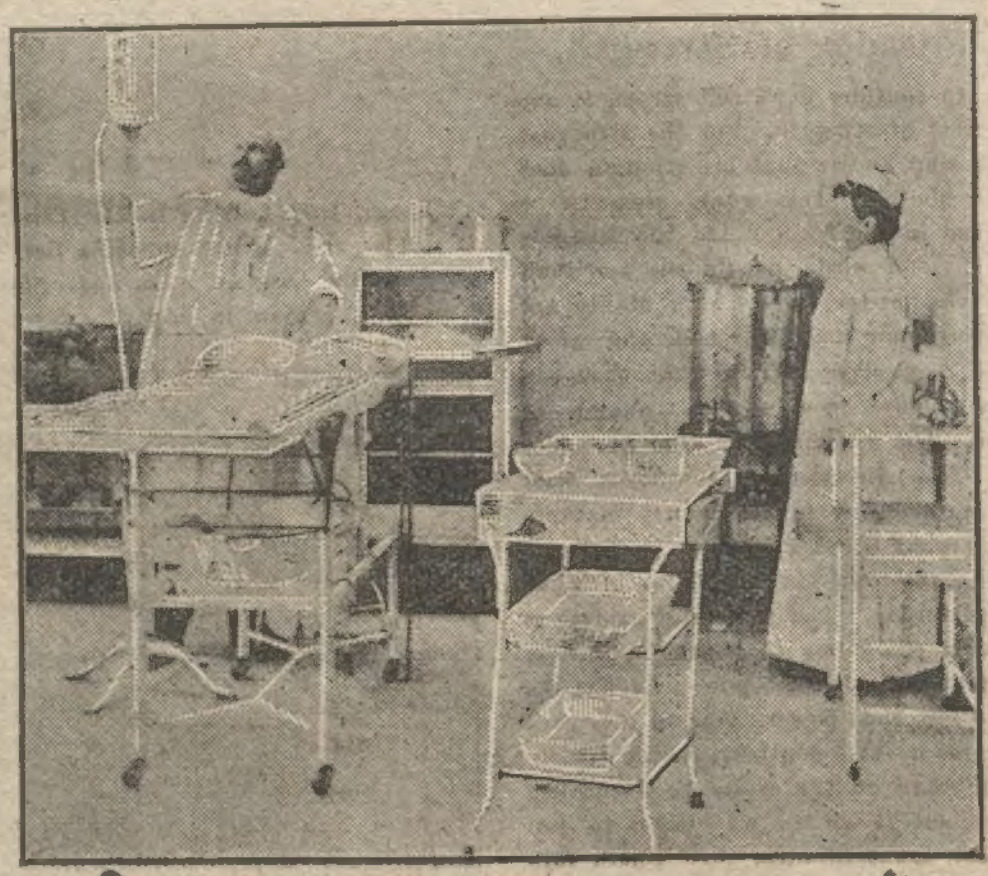
Yes, you know it, dry your tears, then;
Cease your mourning; change your ways.
Look for God's high forward meanings;
His the power and His the praise.

—Alfred Norris.

Work in Labrador.

In Harrington Hospital.

The long letter last week from Dr. Hare telling of his difficulty in reaching one of his patients, gave the broken, rough side of the work. Nothing speaks better for the contrast to this that is afforded by the hospital, with all its modern conveniences, than this photograph of Dr. Hare and Nurse Mayou, in the operating room of the Harrington Hospital. It is to this hospital and its comforts that the new launch for which we are at present working will bring the patients. Everything is in readiness now for the extra work that comes with the opening of the fishing season, accidents being a daily possibility of the fisherman's life. While the hospital has been in use all winter, and Nurse Mayou given no chance to be idle, any more than the doctor on his rounds, yet the summer season is the hospital's important time. Patients whom it was impossible to move in the winter can then be brought to its comforts, and many others will come for skilled treatment, who were forced in the winter months to content themselves with the best that home and previous experience could afford. We hope that some time in between seasons Dr. Hare will be able to make us a visit, so that we may be privileged to know him personally, as well as by letter and report.



Religious News.

Those who think missionaries are likely to lead idle lives will do well to study these figures which Mr. Elwood, now of Dindigul, South India, presents. His 'parish' is 30 x 40 miles in extent and has a population of 535,000 people. He has the supervision of 100 native workers and 36 schools. There are 57 congregations and more than 3,500 Christians. One can imagine the amount of travel necessary to cover such a field, especially in a land where good roads are not universal and in districts where the means of transportation are reduced to bullock carts, carriages, and bicycles.—'Missionary Herald.'

In the town of Tsu, Japan, a Mr. Nagata is pastor of the American Episcopal Church. The story of his conversion to Christianity is interesting: 'Some years ago a colporteur endeavored to persuade a soldier to buy a Gospel, when the soldier started an argument, and, becoming angry, grossly insulted the colporteur, who, however, did not retaliate, but bore the indignity meekly. Mr. Nagata, by chance passing at the time, paused and listened to the talk of the men, and was so impressed with the forbearance of the colporteur that he was led to sympathize with him, and also to purchase a Gospel himself. He took the little book home, read it carefully, and then decided to become a Christian.' Now he is himself a pastor.

The average American Christian believes that missions do not reach the Mohammedans. But they do. In a small way, like the curious appointment of a pagan Cyrus to do the pleasure of Jehovah, is that of a rough Kabyle Mohammedan, who sauntered into a mission book-shop in Casablanca, Morocco, and bought a number of separate portions of the Bible. The bookseller, amazed, asked what he wanted the books for. 'Why, I want them to read on winter evenings,' answered the Mohammedan. Then he explained that his friends come in of an evening to drink tea in his little room, and sit cosily by the fire while he reads to them from these books. This Mohammedan does not know it, but he is doing missionary work among those ignorant Moroccans of the mountains!

The Russian Y. M. C. A., at first an experiment, is apparently proving both attractive and successful when it can secure a grant of 5,000 rubles from the minister of finance. Under several American secretaries, 1,500 men are enjoying its social and educational privileges. Count Obolenski, one of the Association leaders and directors, is proving a stanch friend, to his influence the government award being largely due. The Association has exerted such influences on its members that the work now has the hearty support of officials in the national banks and railroads.

Tested and Tried.

The Presbyterian Sunday School in Alma, Ont., in sending in a renewal of their 'Messenger' club subscription, says regarding the number of years they have taken the 'Messenger':

'I cannot say for sure, but think possibly TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, and the scholars and parents WOULDN'T BE WITHOUT IT.'

Wm. Ledingham, Secretary.

High praise this! Yet our aim is to be worthy of it.

If any of our readers know a Sunday School anywhere in Canada that does not get the 'Messenger,' perhaps no paper at all, will they not point that Sunday School to our three weeks' free trial offer and get them to send us a post-card stating the number of copies they want to try the 'Messenger' in their School.

For NEW, STRUGGLING SCHOOLS. Moreover, if your church is starting a new Sunday School out in the country, or if you are in touch with some missionary of your own denomination starting new Sunday Schools out in a new district where they cannot yet afford to pay for any papers at all, you can let it be known that on the assurance of Pastor or Superintendent that the school is new and needs the papers, we will very gladly help them along by sending them every week, ABSOLUTELY FREE, enough to put one in every family represented, and we will do this long enough to let them get into really good working order for three, six, or nine months, or even for a year if the need is great.

The only condition is that the school is not over a year old and is not paying for other papers.

Help along the Sabbath School cause in out-of-way places by passing this offer on.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch: A Friend, Chateauguay, $1.00; S. Louise Bell, South Qu'Appelle, $2.00; 'The Lord's Money,' Roselaine Belvidere, $3.00; A Friend, So.' Durham, $2.00; John Miller, Leamington, Ont., $5.00; Proceeds of lecture by Revd. Wylie Clarke, Quebec, $40.50; M. J. B., Cartier, 75 cents; Jubilee W. F. M. S. of Princeport and Green Oak, N.S., $7.00; Total.. .. ..$ 61.25

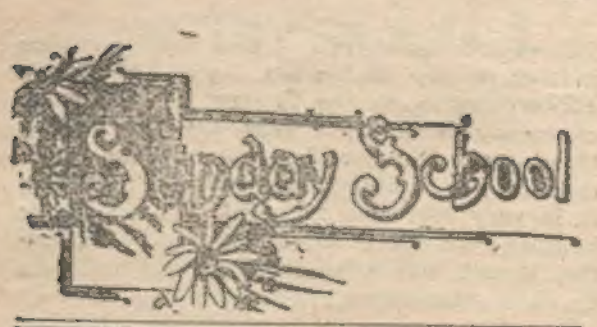
Received for the cots:—A Friend, Doaktown, N.B., $3.00; F. M. S., Owen Sound, $1.00; 'The Lord's Money,' Roselaine Belvidere, $4.00; A Friend, So.' Durham, $2.00; Total.. .. ..$ 10.00

Received for the komatik:—'The Lord's Money,' Roselaine Belvidere.. .. .. $ 3.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,657.88

Total received up to May 19.. .$ 1,732.13

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.



LESSON,—SUNDAY, JUNE 14, 1908.

The Risen Christ by the Sea of Galilee.

John xxi. 12-23. Memory verse 15. Read John xxi. 1-25.

Golden Text.

Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Matt. xxviii., 20.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 8.—John xxi., 1-14.
Tuesday, June 9.—John xxi., 15-25.
Wednesday, June 10.—Acts i., 1-11.
Thursday, June 11.—I. Pet. i., 3-25.
Friday, June 12.—I. Pet. ii., 1-25.
Saturday, June 13.—I. Pet. iv., 1-19.
Sunday, June 14.—II. Pet. iii., 1-18.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Did you ever have to wait for anything for a long time and not do anything while you were waiting? You know all the wonderful things that happened in Jerusalem, about which we have been studying lately; about Christ rising from the dead, and Mary seeing him, and all the disciples seeing him. Don't you think you would have wanted to tell everybody about it if you had seen Jesus then? Most likely the disciples did too, but Jesus told them to wait a while. He wanted first of all to teach them all he had to teach them and then they could tell everybody. You know it was at Jerusalem that Jesus was crucified and buried, and at Jerusalem, too that the disciples first saw him after he rose from the tomb, but Jesus told them to go up into Galilee, quite a long way from Jerusalem, as he wanted to meet with them there. So they went, but they did not know where Jesus was, they couldn't see him anywhere, and some of them just got tired of waiting about. So Peter suggested they should go out fishing, and they all went. You know they had been fishermen, most of them, before they became Christ's disciples, and they were up now beside the lake where they used to go fishing. They owned boats and great fishing nets there, so they all got into boats and went out fishing. They fished all night, not like you do, perhaps, with a line to catch one fish at a time, but throwing big nets out over the side of the boat so that they could catch a lot at one time, like our own fishermen do, somewhat, who fish along our ocean shores. They fished all night, all of them, and how many fish do you think they caught? Why, none at all. This was very discouraging, and in the morning when they were all going back to shore without any fish at all, who do you think called to them from the shore?

FOR THE SENIORS.

In all, not counting the appearance to Saul on the road to Damascus, Christ appeared after his resurrection eleven times to some one or more of his followers. All those appearances which were not considered under the previous lessons on our Saviour's resurrection life, should at least be referred to in this lesson and all the appearances should be passed in review. These can be placed by a study of the closing chapters of the four Gospels and I. Cor. xv., 4-7, where the appearance to James is alone recorded. A particular feature of to-day's lesson is that it records the meeting Christ foretold before his death and which the angels told the women to announce (Mark xvi., 7). Christ had shown himself at the tomb (John xx., 14), on the highways (Matt. xxviii., 9; Luke xxiv., 15), and in the house (John xx., 19); now he would meet them where so many days had been spent together, in Galilee beside the lake. They were about the common everyday task when he did come. Some would argue that their night's useless labor was a reproof for not merely waiting for the Master. That seems unlikely. None of them seem conscious of offense in meeting the Lord and his words convey no rebuke. It might well be, however, that he wished the fruitless night followed by the abundant reward that followed obedience to his word to illustrate the power that might be their's through him where they would only fail alone. Anyhow, the incident served to reveal Christ to John. The memory of that previous sweet meeting of pardon and love (Luke xxiv., 34) drew the impetuous Peter at once to his Lord; but it was not enough to repent and be forgiven, Christ required from him the public profession of that love and repentance. Three times he had publicly denied his Master, three times he must publicly acknowledge him. What it was that Christ said to Peter, the first to come ashore, we cannot know, yet John records that although Peter had impetuously left the others to attend to the fish the Lord himself had bade them catch (John xxi., 7, 8), yet when the boat came to shore and the others crowded in wonder about the Master, it was Simon Peter who drew the net ashore (John xxi., 11). We may fancy the Lord's greeting something like this, 'Always, Peter, so anxious to protest your love to me? Why not prove it by attention to the duty that lies nearest?' Anyhow it was the necessity of proving love by service that formed the text of the subsequent talk (verses 15-19). It is this lesson that John passes on in his first epistle, 'My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth' (I. John iii., 18).

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'We, too, toiling in the night, may be aware of a Presence that sheds peace across the waters, like a moonbeam over a stormy sea. We, too, if we keep our ears open, may hear the counsel and command of his directing voice. We, too, if we obey that voice when we do hear it, may be surprised with long-delayed, and therefore the more joyous success, which will turn apparent frustration into triumphant fruition. And when he calls us from the wet nets and the pitching boat, on to the steadfast shore, we may come not empty-handed, but bearing in our hands results which are the consequences not so much of our toil, as of his blessing. He will accept these, and we shall eat of the fruit of our hands, and the Master himself will gird himself, and come forth and serve his servants.'—Alexander Maclaren, D.D.

'Lovest thou me?' This question, faithfully put, is the absolute, and the only absolute test of Christian character. And the first and most essential evidence of Christian life, springing from love to the Saviour, is a strong desire to do good both to the bodies and souls of men.'—Charles Mason, D.D. 'Feed my sheep.'

Verses 20-22. John evidently recorded this conversation mainly to correct the current statement that Christ had prophesied that he should never die. 'In the Middle Ages there were many who believed that John was still alive. This belief is the occasion of the touching legend of St. John and the pilgrim, and is enshrined in the bas-reliefs of the frieze of the shrine of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey.'—Boardman.

No answer to skepticism is so convincing as the simple, reverent study of the Gospels. 'By every parallel of history the Galilean movement should have ended at the cross. Jesus should henceforth have been remembered only as a hero and a martyr. If his story was to take any hold upon popular imagination, it should have been as the story of one who had gloriously failed. On the contrary, the apostles preached a Jesus who had triumphantly succeeded. They never speak of him as dead, but as one alive for evermore. We may call this, if we will, a kind of sublime hallucination. But we have then to ask whether it is probable that the entire course of human history could have been altered by any hallucination. Can we possibly imagine a band of madmen able to subdue Europe to a faith in an insane delusion?'—William J. Dawson, D.D.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

To be unduly anxious about the future of any part of Christ's Church, as if He had omitted to arrange for that future, to act as if we were essential to the well being of some part of Christ's Church, is to intermeddle like Peter. To show astonishment or entire incredulity or misunderstanding if a course in life quite different from ours is found to be quite as useful to Christ's people and to the world as ours; to show that we have not yet apprehended how many men, how many minds, how many methods, it takes to make a world, is to incur the rebuke of Peter. —Marcus Dods, the 'Gospel of John.'

When a man foresees a great temptation that is coming, it is always better that, instead of turning to his neighbors and saying, as he searches their faces, 'I wonder who will do this wicked thing,' he should turn to himself and say, 'Is it possible that I am the man who will do it?' When the wind is rising it is good for each ship at sea to look to its own ropes and sails, and not stand gazing to see how ready the other ships are to meet it.—Phillips Brooks.

Let us not be inquisitive or solicitous to know the judgment to be pronounced upon our brethren; or to solve the enigmas of their destiny, but take heed to our own.—William E. Gladstone.

Bible References.

Rom. v., 20; Prov. x., 12; Acts i., 7; I. Pet. iv., 15; Matt. xvi., 24; John ii., 26; I. Pet. v. 2, 4.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 14.—Topic—How to choose a life-work. I. Kings iii., 5-15.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, June 8.—Jesus and a little boy. John vi. 8-11.

Tuesday, June 9.—A mother's prayer. Matt. xv., 21-28.

Wednesday, June 10.—A father's prayer. John iv., 49, 50.

Thursday, June 11.—Christ's message about children. Matt. xviii., 5.

Friday, June 12.—God's command to children. Deut. xxxi 12, 13.

Saturday, June 13.—The Christ-child's example. Luke ii., 51, 52.

Sunday June 14.—Topic—Jesus and a little girl. Mark v., 22-24, 35-43.

Some Don'ts for Sunday School Teachers.

1. Don't go to class with a poorly prepared lesson. There is no excuse for it, for you have ample time for study. A half hour each day, well spent, will do the work.

2. Don't get to school late. The school has a right to a peaceful and undisturbed session, and your tardiness infringes upon this right. Be prompt. Set yourself and others a good example.

3. Don't be irreverent in God's house at any time. No matter what others do, remember that God has commanded you to reverence his sanctuary.

4. Don't chatter and talk while the teacher is endeavoring to give instruction. One has said that those scholars who are guilty of this need home drill in the principles and practices of good manners. They reflect no credit on either their parents or themselves.—'S. S. Messenger.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Correspondence

(We have received a number of letters from Bluff Head Cove School, T., Nfld., but as they could not all be printed, we have selected the two following, one by a boy and the other by a girl:)

T., Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy ten years old. My birthday comes two nights after bonfire night. I haven't very many pets worth speaking about. It was great skating the first part of the winter and I enjoyed it. I live in a cove surrounded by hills. We enjoy ourselves very much in summer time up on the hills looking down on the green fields. I have four brothers living and four dead.

ALFRED HULL.

[What do you mean by bonfire night, Alfred?—Ed.]

T., Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I live in T., and it is a very pretty place in summer when the fields are in full bloom. In winter we can skate on the ice and slide. I go to Bluff Head Cove School, and am in the fifth reader. We don't take the 'Messenger,' but we hear letters read from it by the teacher at school. I have five sheep and one goat.

BELLA KNELL.

[No answer sent with your riddle, Bella, so it had to be left out.—Ed.]

Other scholars who wrote were Ethel Brown, Winnie White, Beatrice Greenham, Daisy Ridout, Susie Anna Gillard, Elsie White, Agnes Mary Braggee, and Walter Knell.

B., Man.

Dear Editor,—I went to British Columbia this winter to visit my grandma. I had a good time when I was there. My auntie gave me a camera and I have taken some pictures. She also gave me a gram-o-phone. I have a pony and I drive him to school. I am in the first reader. Here is a riddle: Eedy ody a wee black body, three feet and nae hands.

ALLAN JOHNSTON.

S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We are two friends who sit together in school. There are only a few scholars to go to our school in the winter time. We live near the shore, so it is very pleasant here in the summer. We both live on a farm and would sooner live on a farm than in a town.

A. M. GRAY and L. B. SUTHERLAND.

Hymers, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We moved up here into New Ontario eight years ago. When we got here we got off at a place called Silver Creek. Then we moved into a house at Beaver Mines and lived there till we got our own house built and then into it. There was bush all around, but my father and his hired help went to work and cleared a few acres and planted grains and vegetables. Then they cleared more so as to have more ground for next year. It was all black around our house because of their burning log and brush. My brother used to get his face blackened and come in the house and show his teeth. We got along well, but there was no school. So we moved to Hymers Crossing, where there was a school. When we first came up here there were only three houses at Hymers, but this time we found a store and several dwelling places. After we lived out here for a while we built a new house. Hymers has grown since we moved out here, and now there is a boarding-house, post-office, manse, a church, Orange hall, two stores, a blacksmith shop and about fifteen dwellings. New Ontario is a very healthy place to live and I don't think any need starve.

E. M. B.

M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My papa is a station master. We live in the station. I have five sisters and two brothers, so you see there is quite a crowd of us. We have great fun playing. I went almost every day to school this winter. Our teacher is very kind to us all. I am nine years old.

REYNOLDS CARSEN CUTLER.

L., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to the 'Messenger' before, although I have read the other letters and enjoyed them. I am a little boy seven years old. I have no brothers or sisters, but live with papa and mamma in a little country village. Our schoolhouse was burned, but we have school in the hall. My papa and uncle have been making maple sugar, but will soon be stopping.

H. S. L.

P., N.B.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' has been a welcome guest at our house for a number of years, and I have always been one of its most interested readers. I am fourteen years old. I have four brothers and two sisters, but no mother, as she died when I was only small. Protectionville, or the Sugary, as it is more commonly called, is a very pleasant looking place in the summer time when all the woodland is a beautiful green, but in the winter it is very lonesome looking. All the public buildings we can boast of here are a Methodist church and a schoolhouse, but we have not had school at all this term

SUGARY CROW.

St. F., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—Many thanks for the beautiful watch that you sent me for the five new subscriptions to the 'Messenger.' I am more than delighted with it. Everyone I show it to thinks it very nice. I live in the country and I have a long way to walk to school every day. They are nearly all French that live around here. Thank you again for your kindness in sending me the lovely watch. It keeps good time and goes well.

GORDON McCARTNEY.

M., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I am a little New Brunswick boy. My home used to be by the beautiful river St. John. We came out here a year ago in May for mamma's health. I like it here, but miss the fine coasting I used to have in winter. FRANK EBBETT (age 9).

L.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm one mile from L. My father has a saw-mill too, and has cut a lot of lumber. I am very much interested in machinery. I have been to the city of Ottawa twice and to Montreal once, but did not see the Witness building. I go to school and am in the senior third class. We have two pets, a dog and a cat. The dog is very kind, and will draw us round in the sleigh. My great grandfather took the 'Messenger' and my grandfather takes it and the 'Weekly Witness.' We also have taken the 'Messenger' for six years, and are well pleased with it.

JOHN E. DONALDSON.

H., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am seven years old. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and there I get the 'Messenger,' which I like very much. I always look at the drawings first and have some one read me the letters. I got a box of stencils at Christmas and am going to draw one to send you. I got a printing press too, but do not know how to use it yet or I would print this letter.

CHARLES M. MacKERACHER.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'My Knife.' Sterling J. Johnston, S., Ont.
2. 'A Tomato.' Olive Beyea, S. J., N.B.
3. 'Union Jack.' Bessie Stewart, S. D., Ont.
4. 'Gold Fish.' Jos. S. Campbell (age 14), S. D., Ont.
5. 'Three Ears of Corn.' Neta Newton (age 14), L., Ont.
6. 'Playing.' Harold Clegg (age 6).
7. 'Writing to the Messenger.' Lily McKinnon (age 13), M., P. Que.
8. 'Our House.' Jessie Montgomery Brash (age 10), D. Ont.
9. 'An Easy Shot.' Carman Robinson, M., Ont.
10. 'Peach.' Roy Whittman (age 9), P., Ont.
11. 'Car.' D. F. Dewar (age 11), G., Ont.
12. 'Our Schoolhouse.' Z. A. C. (age 11), G., P. Que.
13. 'A Castle.' Alice M. Gray, S., N.S.
14. 'A House.' Allie Falconer (age 12), W., Ont.
15. 'Turkey.' Minnie Walters, F., Ont.
16. 'Tulip.' Hazel Woods (age 11), C. H., Ont.
17. 'A Scene on the Lake.' Lola Ross (age 11), T., Ont.

WHAT THEY SAY

ABOUT PRIZES EARNED THROUGH SELLING THE 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL.'

I received the watch quite safely on March 11. I think it is a beauty. I was showing it to my schoolmates and they all agree with me in thinking what a nice watch it is. It is quite worth the time and trouble of selling the papers.—Sidney Malpas, M——, Ont.

I received the fountain pen you sent me all right, and I am very much pleased with it. I am writing this letter with it. I think I will try and earn another one.—Reggie Vickery, L——, Ont.

I have had good luck selling the 'Canadian Pictorial.' The watch I got is running well; it has run ever since I got it and has kept good time. It has never stopped yet.—H. Higgins, I——, Ont.

I received the watch and chain all right. Thank you very much for sending it so quickly. I would not part with it for five dollars.—A. N. McCormack, N——, N.B.

I received my watch last Friday; it is a handsome watch, and keeps good time.—Beverly C. Calster, T——, Ont.

I received the sterling silver teaspoon for selling 'Pictorials,' and am very pleased with it.—Clarence H. Keddy, H——, Que.

Got my watch all O.K., and I am delighted with it. I think I am well paid for what work I did for you.—Jimmie McEwen, M——, Ont.

If YOU want to join this happy band, send a postcard TO-DAY, asking for a package to start on, premium lists and full instructions. All orders promptly filled.

Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Things That Never Die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses to wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry.
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need
A kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When justice threatens nigh;
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel, but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes are bounding high,
In an unfading record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm and just and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

—Charles Dickens.

Violets and Bluebirds.

(Sidney Dayre, in the 'Christian Register.')

'I am going to write Grace Day and tell her what I think of her.'

'And what may it be that you are thinking of your school friend?' said Aunt Amy, as her niece Margery joined her on a shady porch. 'Something pleasant, I hope.'

'Not at all pleasant,' said Margery, with a frown. 'She was not in school to-day, and I sent word to her last evening by little Kitty Marsh that I wanted her arithmetic key. Kitty came back with some message which I can't half understand, something about the principal—as if the principal had anything to do with it—but without the key. Now I am going to tell Grace my opinion of her obligingness.'

'Very likely there is some mistake.'

'How could there be? I asked for the book, and she didn't send it. That's all there is to it.'

'I wouldn't write what you feel, dear. Better speak it face to face. And I wouldn't do that while you are angry.'

'Oh, but you see, auntie, I shan't feel like saying half I want to when I get over being angry. Aunt Amy laughed.

'That is usually considered a good argument, my dear, for postponing angry speech. But,' more seriously, 'at least I hope you will not write in anger.'

'What is the difference, Aunt Amy?'

'A great deal, I think. Words spoken in the heat of resentment are bad enough. They sting and wound, leaving a hurt on the heart which it sometimes takes long to heal. They live, however, in the memory. But words written are there to stay. Long after the anger which dictated them is passed they are there in their first ugliness, ready to tell their tale of a heart overflowing with bitterness. I once suffered much through writing a letter while under the domination of angry feeling.'

'Against someone who treated you as Grace has treated me?'

'Against a friend who was as dear to me as Grace is to you. It was when I was about your age,' went on Aunt Amy, disregarding Margery's little sniff, 'and this suburb of the city was then more like a country village, with a strip of woods just where it is now most closely built up.

'A cousin whom I very dearly loved and admired was to be married in the city. I was very anxious to do something especially nice for the wedding, and, while beating my brains as to what it should be, spoke of my wish to Helen, whom I knew of old to be full of pretty fancies.

'"Why not ask her to let you send in wild violets to decorate the table?' she suggested.

'"Do you think we could get enough?" I asked.

'"The woods are full of them. That slope all along the creek is fairly purple with them. I'll help you," with a confident little nod. "I'll see that you get enough."

'I was charmed with the idea. I wrote to Cousin Bertha of my plan and she was equally charmed and she would make no other arrangement for the decoration.

'It was an undertaking; for the wedding was to be at noon and the fresh-packed violets must go in on the 9.30 train, our party of relatives taking the one which went at eleven. But Helen proved herself equal to the emergency. She enlisted her brothers, a couple of girl friends; and with the break of day we were all taking in the sweet breath of the woods. Oh, I shall never forget the sight of those violets as they seemed to look up to greet the first sunbeams. I don't know whether violets anywhere else grow as thick and as large and as rich and as deeply blue as those did.

'How we did pick! Bunch after bunch was laid in wet moss until we had several baskets full, enough to satisfy every desire.

'"Now you had better go home and get a little rest," at length said Helen. "I'll take all those home with me and pack them into two large baskets and have them at the station ready for the train."

'I went home, but those violets were so on my mind that I could not rest. I felt that I must see them safely off. After a late, hurried breakfast I ran down to the station.

'There was the usual little gathering of the city-bound passengers, who quickly boarded as the train swept in. It waited only a few seconds and then, as I gazed blankly around, was off again. No Helen, no violets!

'I was in a maze of dismay and perplexity, which presently deepened into anger. Helen had failed me. What was I to do? Helen's home was some little distance away. If I went there to inquire about the flowers I should be too late for the train. I hurried home and sent a messenger to Helen as I was dressing.

'"No one at home," was the answer.

'In the quick heat of my resentment I wrote her a note. I cannot at this interval tell you its wording, only I know that it was a full outpouring of all my angry disappointment.

'In the shady yard belonging to Helen's home was an old tree, draped from its very top with a wild vine. In a cunningly hidden nook, under its graceful droopings, a few of us girls had some time before put a box in which to deposit such small letters as schoolgirls like to pass to each other. On my way to the train I met one of the girls and asked her to drop my letter in the box.

'Who can imagine my despair, on the way to that wedding, so spoiled because of me? In my distress I would have remained at home, but mother would not allow it.

'I did not see Bertha until she walked up the aisle in church and then my misery was increased by the sight of the bunches of violets on her dress and in her hand. She had chosen them to match the table decoration; and where were the decorations?

'As after the return to the house, I stood with others in a long line and the pretty bride, on the arm of her husband, passed between us to the breakfast-room, I lowered my eyes, fearing to meet hers. But the next moment I felt a gentle arm about me. She had stopped for a word with me and this is what she said:

'"You little love—to help make such a beautiful table for my wedding."

'I was in a maze of wonder as to what she could mean, until in my turn I joined those who followed her. And then—'

'What, Aunt Amy?' said Margery, who had listened eagerly.

'All about the table—built high in the middle with a background of moss, boutonnieres at each plate and single blossoms scattered everywhere—were violets—violets, their cool sweetness seeming to smile up at the guests.'

'Why—how?' began Margery.

'I did not go home for two days after the wedding, so did not until then understand why or how. On my return a note from Helen was handed to me, with the explanation that the small boy to whom it had been intrusted had forgotten to deliver it promptly. It had been written before we went into town that morning and ran:

'Dear Amy,—Just as I have the violets ready, in comes old Garvey, the gardener, who has always supplied your uncle's family with vegetables and flowers. He is on his way in by the train and is going to take charge of them and deliver them with his own hands, so that there can be no danger of delay. I have just seen him off to the Millville station.

'Helen.

'Millville was a station about half a mile further out than the one from which we had gone.'

'Well, well, so that is how it was,' said Margery, drawing a deep breath. 'But,' in a tone of sudden dismay, 'you had written that letter.'

'I had written that letter.'

'And nothing could bring it back.'

'Nothing. It came back to me keenly enough in my memory of the bitter, burning words I had poured out upon my friend, full of the sting belonging with rage which sears and blights the heart from which it comes and writes indelible hurt on the one to which it goes. They were written—the hateful words. She could look at them again and again and every time they would look uglier.'

'Oh, dear'—Margery gave a little sigh.

'Well, there could be only one outcome to such a thing. Everything was over between us two. I felt what it was to lose out of my life such a friend; but it was done and could not be undone. I would never ask her forgiveness for such a thing.'

'I did not see her for two or three days, and then, passing her house one morning, saw her standing under the vine-draped porch. I expected to see her turn away. But she waved her hand and then came running down the walk.

'"How long it is since I have seen you!" she said, throwing her arms lovingly about me. "But come to the letter-box and see what I have to show you—such a curious, cunning thing!"

'I followed her, greatly perplexed. Could my ugly missive have failed to find its way to her?

'Softly she drew aside the sheltering vines, but not so softly as to prevent a quick little note of alarm from a bluebird which sprang from the box. And there in a corner of it was a nest with four eggs.

'"And you didn't get my letter?" I stammered, after admiring the pretty thing.

'Letter? Did you write me? Why, Amy—Look here.'

'Looking closely at the nest, we could see strips and fragments of paper woven in with the twigs and hair composing the nest.

'"Now, could those birds have torn up your letter? Oh, the little mischiefs!'

'But how I could have kissed and fondled that blessed bird-mother if only she would have let me!'

'Now I remember how fond you always are of bluebirds,' said Margery, with a laugh. 'I don't wonder at it.'

'No, very few birds do anyone such a kindness as those did to me. Helen gave me the nest after the birdlings were flown. I was thankful in perceiving that the writing on the scraps was too weather-worn for her to be able to make it out, but I could still read a few of the words I had written in anger to my dearest friend.'

In her desk the next morning Margery found a line from Grace Day, a few blossoms folded in the paper.

'Dear Margery,' it said. 'The principal has decided that we girls are not to use keys any more. So, of course, I don't send it. Grace.'

'What a curious coincidence!' said Margery, as she laid the blossoms in a book. 'Well, I shall not forget Aunt Amy's violet bluebird lesson.'

The Habit Edgar Broke.

(By Adele E. Thompson, in the 'Child's Hour.')

When Edgar passed to the grammar grade one of the things that pleased him most was that he could now take manual training lessons, for Edgar liked tools. As he grew older, to use a plane or saw was his greatest delight, and to think of going into the rooms of the Manual Training School, where there were all manner of tools, and teachers to show you how to use them, why he could hardly wait for vacation to be over.

'Do you enjoy it as well as you expected to?' his papa asked him at the end of his first term.

'Yes, indeed,' answered Edgar. 'Only there's not enough of it, two hours twice a week is so little, I wish I could have a workshop and some tools of my own, some of the boys have.'

'I thought you had a tool chest.'

'I'd like a bigger and better one than that, and a regular shop to work in.'

Papa was silent a little before he spoke. 'Do you think you would care for it long enough to pay for the cost and the trouble?' he asked.

'Yes, indeed,' Edgar answered. 'I never wanted anything so badly in my life. I'd never tire of it!'

'And do you think you would finish what you began?' asked papa.

'To be sure I would. I have at the training school.'

'You have teachers there. It is different from working by yourself.'

'Well, of course I would.' Edgar's tone was positive.

'Let me see,' said papa, 'once upon a time, I remember, you began a doll's house for Ethel. I saw it lately and there were no floors in it.'

'I know,' admitted Edgar, 'I mean to get at it again some day. I wanted to make me a ship.'

'And is the ship finished now?'

'Well, no,' Edgar was beginning to flush and feel warm, 'but I'm going to finish it before next summer. You see I wanted a sled.'

'And is the sled done?'

Edgar's face was growing redder every moment. 'Not quite,' he mumbled. 'After I'd got it partly made, I thought I'd rather have a pair of bobs.'

'And I think,' papa went on, 'that there are a pair of half made bobs out in the barn.'

Edgar hung his head. It was dreadful the way these things he had begun and never finished were piling up before him. 'Honest, papa,' he stammered, 'I— I didn't think there were so many of them. But truly I'm going to finish them all.'

'You mean you think you will. But do you not see what a habit you are growing into, of tiring of what you have begun, and leaving it half done to begin something else? And remember, my boy, the habits you are making now will stick to you for life, and no boy or man ever won success with a habit like that. Now you see why it is that I do not want to buy new tools, and fit up a workshop for you.'

'Just try me and see,' urged Edgar. 'I want to make mamma a set of bookshelves for her birthday. One of the boys at the Manual has made a dandy set, and I know I could.'

'Why can't you do it at the school?' asked papa.

'Because I wouldn't have time there. That's why I want a place of my own.'

Papa thought a little, 'I'll tell you,. I'll speak to Mr. Rudd to let you work in his shop when you want to.'

'And I may make the bookshelves?'

'Yes, I'll arrange with Mr. Rudd to let you have the lumber and whatever you need.'

The next day, in Mr. Rudd's shop, Edgar began the bookshelves for mamma. At first he enjoyed working on them as much as he had thought he would. But they were only

about half done when at an exhibit of work at the Manual Training School he saw a little sewing table made by one of the boys. Such a pretty table, and so simple. Edgar wondered that he had not thought of a table for mamma; he was sure she would like it better than the bookshelves, and after it was done he could finish the bookshelves for papa.

Out of breath he ran into Mr. Rudd's shop. 'Can I have some nice smooth boards, and some 2 by 2 inch stuff?'

'How will you use that about your bookshelves?' asked Mr. Rudd.

'Oh, I'm going to let the bookshelves go,' was Edgar's answer. 'I've seen something that beats them all out. It's a sewing table. I'm going to make my mother one just like it.'

Edgar whistled as he looked out a board to suit him, measured, marked, and clamped it tight in the frame for sawing. But when the saw had cut half way through the whistle stopped, then the saw went slower, and stopped. For all at once there had come to Edgar's mind his talk with his father, and the thought that here he was, leaving another piece of work half done to begin something else. Oh, dear, he didn't want to go on with the bookshelves, and he did want to make the little table. But there was the habit, and it would be a dreadful habit to stick to one always, to begin things and then leave them partly done, like Joe Stone's house, that had stood for ten years with only boards where the front door and windows should be.

Edgar slowly unscrewed the clamp and took the board out.

'What's the matter?' asked Mr. Rudd.

'Nothing,' sighed Edgar, 'only I've begun the bookshelves, and I guess I'd better finish them.'

Edgar had them nicely done for mamma's birthday. But she was not the only one to be surprised that day, for papa called Edgar to the basement, and opening the door in a newly made partition, showed him the nicest little workshop. 'Do you think you can make a little sewing table here?' he asked, smiling at Edgar's delight.

'How did you know about that?' asked Edgar in surprise.

'I heard, and this is because you broke that bad habit.'

'Yes,' cried Edgar, 'I broke it once, and I'll break it some more. Before I begin a single new thing, I'm going to finish every one of those that are partly done.'

Always Remember—the Little Member.

(Henry Johnstone, in 'St. Nicholas.')

You may keep your feet from slipping
And your hands from evil deeds,
But to guard your tongue from tripping,
What unceasing care it needs!
Be you old or be you young,
Oh, beware,
Take good care
Of the tittle-tattle, tell-tale tongue!

You may feel inclined to quarrel
With the doctrine that I preach
But the soundness of the moral
Sad experiences will teach:
Be it said or be it sung
Everywhere,
Oh, beware,
Of the tittle-tattle, tell-tale tongue!

A Little Fun.

'You might as well say it out,' Floy remarked, defiantly. 'You won't be happy till you do.'

Fanny hesitated, distressed and embarrassed, but 'said it out' bravely. 'Floy, do you think you are fair to Jack Kennedy—when he doesn't know of your engagement?'

'I suppose you think that when a girl is engaged she has no right to go anywhere or have any fun, even though the man she is engaged to is in the Philippines and she can't see him for two years.'

'I don't know—I don't mean to judge,' Fanny faltered, 'only—I do think you ought to tell Jack if you are going around with him so much. You don't want to be sorry afterward, dear.'

Floy tossed her head.

'Jack Kennedy's old enough to take care of himself,' she retorted. 'Besides,' triumphantly, 'I'm not conceited enough to think a man means something every time he does any little thing for you!'

Fanny said no more, and in a few minutes she left. Floy sat down and read over a note that had come that morning. Really it did not require a reply, but Jack's notes were such fun to answer.

Three weeks later Floy, stammering and confused, tried to explain to Jack Kennedy that she never supposed he really meant anything,—she was engaged to Rob Dana,—how could she have supposed it?

'How could I guess that you were engaged?' Jack asked, sharply. 'Do you suppose I am the sort of a cad who would send flowers every week and write as I have to an engaged girl?'

'I—I'm sorry, Jack,' Floy faltered.

'So am I,' Jack returned, grimly. 'I believed in you, Floy—whether you could ever care for me or not, I believed you were straight out. It's rather a nasty experience to find the woman you cared for never was at all.'

'He was horrid!' Floy sobbed to the empty room. But in her heart she knew that she had heard the truth.—'Youth's Companion.'

New Teachers.

'I don't want to go up to the third grade and leave you. I don't want a new teacher.' Emily's voice sounded as if she could cry without half trying. The last day of school had come, and as she said good-bye to Miss Fenton, a queer lump had come into her throat. 'I don't want a new teacher,' she repeated.

'But I was a new teacher last September,' Miss Fenton reminded her.

'So you were! It doesn't seem as if you ever could have been,' sighed Emily, looking fondly into the friendly face.

'I didn't stay a new teacher very long,' smiled Miss Fenton. 'And that was because you made me so welcome. When you came in at the door, you smiled at me and then we were acquainted. Right away I saw that you were going to do your very best to help me, just as I was going to do my best to help you. By recess time we felt like old

friends. Treat your next teacher in the very same way and it will not be long before the new wears off, and you will be helpful friends instead of strangers.'

'It's a long time to remember things till next September,' laughed Emily, as she moved toward the door, 'but I'll try to remember that, even if I forget what you taught us about numbers.'—Selected.

The Hopefulness of Opposition.

When a thing is particularly hard to do, it is likely to be particularly well worth doing. This is worth remembering the next time that difficulty and opposition stare us in the face. Easy things are within the reach of any one; they offer neither inducement nor challenge to people of power. The prizes of life are protected by difficulty. Therefore obstacle, to a strong man, simply spells inducement. Paul knew that the spiritual prizes of the Kingdom were not easily come at, but that the Devil's workers were sure to be between such prizes and the Lord's workers. He counted the presence and opposition of the Devil as a special invitation. So he wrote, concerning his reasons for wishing to remain in Ephesus, 'for a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries.' 'The line of least resistance' does not appeal to souls of Paul's kind. The line of greatest resistance is the line that often leads to the richest end.—'S. S. Times.'

The Safe Side of a Moral Question.

Duty-doing is never dangerous; anything less than duty-doing is worse than dangerous,—it is disastrous. Yet we are constantly tempted to twist these two truths about: fear duty-doing, and turn to wrong-doing as the way of safety. The man who is afraid he will lose money, or position, or health, or friends, by holding rigidly to what he admits is the higher standard, makes this mistake, and suffers for it. Once in a while the other type of man is met; and then people seem surprised that he has not suffered by doing right. Governor Hanly, of Indiana, who has defied the liquor interests of his state, seems to be the latter sort of man: the kind who has learned not to fear the spooky dangers of duty-doing. Out of strenuous experiences Governor Hanly has said: 'No man ever yet injured himself by getting on the right side of a moral question.' How we do conjure up phantoms to scare ourselves away from the right!—'S. S. Times.'

A Story the Surgeon Told.

A young man who was run over by the cars and taken to a hospital was told that both legs must be amputated, and when he asked what was likely to be the result the surgeons were obliged to admit that his recovery was improbable, and if he had anything in particular that he wished to say this was the time to say it. He was lying on the operating table, and it was just before he was put under the influence of chloroform. The scene was one of infinite pathos. The surgeons stood around him, most of them men who had embraced a materialistic view of human destiny. The young man's face was contracted under the pain he suffered; his manly form was mutilated beyond remedy. Nerving himself for the announcement, he said in a deep, steady voice: 'My mother has begged me to declare myself for Christ; I have never done so. I regret it beyond what I can express, and I wish here and now to declare myself a soldier of the cross and to express my faith in Christ and what He has wrought for us, lifting up my heart to Him that He may prepare me for that which is preparing for me.' It is needless to say that among all those men of science and the world there was not one whose eyes did not fill with tears at the young man's loyalty to the greatest principles and powers of which we know—God and his mother—'Union Signal.'

The Wind and the Sun;

Or, it is Better to Persuade than to Bully.

A dispute once arose between the Wind and the Sun, which was the stronger of the

two, and they agreed that whichever soonest made a traveller take off his cloak should be said to be the stronger. The Wind be-

gan, and blew with all his might and main a blast, cold and fierce as a Thracian storm; but the stronger he blew the closer the

traveller wrapped his cloak around him, and the tighter he grasped it with his hands. Then broke out the Sun: with his welcome

beams he sent away the vapor and the cold; the traveller felt the warmth, and as the Sun shone brighter and brighter, he sat down, overcome with the heat, and cast his cloak on the ground.—'Esop's Fables.'

A Recipe for Happiness.

'Then you won't come to the party to-night,' said Louise Graves, disconsolately.

'Don't say I won't; say I can't,' replied Margery Drew, in her quiet way.

'What is the difference?'

'Considerable. One implies that I want to go, whereas I really have no desire, since I have found out that I can't, on account of mother's illness.'

'Yet you did not want to go; you said so.'

'I know it,' admitted Margery; 'but what is the use of wanting what you can't have?'

'Perhaps there is no use,' rejoined Louise; 'but I am sure I would cry my eyes out over such a disappointment.'

'Would you?' exclaimed Margery, with a surprised look. 'Would you make yourself miserable over a disappointment?'

'I couldn't help it,' said Louise.

'Did you ever try?' asked Margery. 'Why, Louise, you have no idea how easy it is to make yourself contented. Do you remember the time my eyes were weak, and I thought I was going to lose my eyesight?'

'Yes. How you must have suffered.'

'More in mind than in body. I fretted and worried about all the good things I was missing, and how I would never see that again, and if I could only see this, and so on, until the doctor threatened to throw up the case if I didn't quit worrying. Then I began to reason with myself, and finally I got into such a contented frame of mind that I believe it helped me to get well.'

'But see what you missed.'

'I couldn't see it,' laughed Margery, 'and I don't see it yet. I found that the sun had not lost its brightness, the flowers were just as sweet, the grass just as green, and nobody's face had altered a particle.'

'That's an odd way of looking at it,' said Louise, reflectively.

'Yes, it is a very pleasant way,' answered Margery. 'Now, if this party were the only one in the world, I might feel disconsolate over missing it, but there are plenty more coming, and it is so with every other enjoyment. Why, some people grumble at a rainy day, as if they thought the sun had retired permanently.'

'I wish I had your disposition,' Louise frankly avowed.

'Why not have one of your own?' said Margery. 'No one can possibly make you discontented if you don't wish to be so.'

'It seems like an easy lesson,' said Louise, with unusual earnestness, 'and, Margery, I do believe I'll earn it.'—Micrigan 'Christian Advocate.'

Nobility.

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth.
We get back our mete as we measure;
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

—Alice Cary.

Pay Your Debts.

Paying our debts is a Bible maxim. A Christian's word should be as good as gold. The Bible has no place in its benediction for the Christian who does not pay his debts. 'What is the reason that the man who prays so fervently in prayer-meeting has so little influence in town?' was asked. The reply was sufficient: 'Why he owes everybody in town.' The man who does not pay his debts better not pray out loud in public. Paying is better than praying in such a case. If people would live by the Bible in matters of common honesty and business integrity, hard times would soon be forgotten.—Selected.

A Gentleman.

A gentleman is just a gentle man; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough.

A gentleman is gentle.

A gentleman is modest.

A gentleman is courteous.

A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one who never gives it.

A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it.—Selected.

LITTLE FOLKS

Marjorie's Bah-bah.

(By Susan Brown, in the 'Child's Hour.')

On her birthday, Marjorie had a beautiful woolly sheep given her, and she thought so much of it that when she awoke in the night she would cry for her 'Bah-bah.'

She was just learning to talk, and her mother was teaching her to say 'please,' when she wanted things. The Bah-bah had a squeak inside him. To make it you had to pull his head down. One day Marjorie was trying to make him squeak. She pulled his head this way and that, but the Bah-bah would not

squeak. She began to get impatient, but all at once she remembered something. 'P'ease, Bah-bah, p'ease!' she said, and just then she pulled his head right, and he squeaked beautifully.

In the spring Marjorie's father and mother moved into the country, and Marjorie could run out of doors on the green grass and pick flowers. Her mother would let her take two of her playthings out at a time, but she must bring them into the house again before she took any more out. The two things she liked best to take were her Bah-bah and one of her picture-books. She would carry her book in one hand, and lead the Bah-bah by a string with the other. She would go across the yard to a maple tree that made a nice shade, where she would sit down on a little seat her father had made for her. Then, with the Bah-bah standing near and watching her, she would look at all the pictures in her book.

One day, as she sat looking at her book, she suddenly heard a funny little noise. She had been very sleepy, and I think her eyes had been shut just a minute or two. She looked hard at her Bah-bah. Had he squeaked? He looked just the same as he always did. Then she glanced across the field toward the stone wall, and what do you think she saw?

She could not believe it at first, and she rubbed her eyes and looked again, and then rubbed her eyes some more. There in the green grass were four Bah-bahs—much bigger than hers—and, as she looked, three more came jumping over the stone wall. They were live ones, very live indeed, and they were nibbling grass as fast as they could nibble. They were lovely and white, and their hair was long and soft and silky.

Marjorie stared a minute, then she ran toward the house. 'Mamma, Mamma!' she cried, 'Come quick! Lots of Bah-bahs!'

Her mother looked very much surprised, but she hurried after Marjorie. 'Why,' she said, when they got to the maple tree, 'they are Mr. Dean's Angora goats. He told your papa that he had lost them, and they have been gone nearly a week. We must get them back to him somehow, but I don't believe I can drive them, and he lives a mile away.'

She thought a minute. 'I know,' she said. 'We will drive them into the old empty hen-house and shut them in, and when the mail-carrier comes along, I will send word to Mr. Dean.'

So, with Marjorie's help, they were put in the hen-house, and Marjorie stood outside the low windows and watched the antics of the cunning little creatures.

It was nearly noon when Mr. Dean and his hired man came for the goats. He was very glad to get them back, and thanked Marjorie's mother for her trouble, and asked her to call on his wife. 'And bring the little girl,' he said, 'to see the goats. I've got some sheep and lambs that I guess she would like too.'

It was a week later that Marjorie and her mother went to see the Deans. When Mr. Dean saw them he said, 'You are just in time. I was starting down to the pasture to salt the sheep.'

So Marjorie went with him, while her mother went into the house to visit with Mrs. Dean.

When they reached the pasture, Marjorie was disappointed, for there was not a Bah-bah in sight. But Mr. Dean said, 'Wait a minute,' and he struck the sides of the pan of salt with his knuckles and called, 'Na, na, na, na,' and in a minute Marjorie saw the Bah-bahs coming from the woods. They ran toward Mr. Dean as fast as they could run. He dropped handfuls of salt on the grass, and as soon as the sheep and goats came up, they put their noses down and began eating the salt very eagerly. 'They like it as well as you like candy,' said Mr. Dean. He caught one of the little goats and let her feel its soft hair.

For a long time Marjorie stood watching the Bah-bahs. The lambs were very frisky and jumped over each other, and the goats skipped about and wagged their funny little tails.

When Marjorie and her mother finally started home, Mr. Dean promised that the next spring Marjorie should have a little Bah-bah for her very own if her father would fix a place to keep it in.

An End.

A little girl went counting on,
To one—two hundred, say,
'Is there no end to it?' she asked,
In quite a puzzled way.
I told her no—she had begun,
She might go on all day.
'There is an end to it—this end,'
She cried, with laughter gay;
And back she counted, back to one,
And ended so her play.

—Little Folks.

Toby's Lessons.

(By Zitella Cocke, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

There never was a smarter dog than Toby; and he had the wisest face that ever a dog had. He would sit up and look like a judge, and sometimes he would look up into people's faces, and seem to say, 'What would you like to have me do for you?'

He had long black hair, and although he looked so wise whether he was sitting or standing, he was the most charming little playmate that a child could have. He was not very large, but as Mary Louise said, 'He looked big because he walked so proud.'

Whenever Mary Louise started out for a walk into the park or the street, or when she went out to join her friends and have a pleasant time in jumping the rope, she had but to say, 'Come along, Toby!' and Toby would shake himself and run to the front door; and if Mary Louise was not quite ready, he would sit by the door until she

came. Do you wonder that Mary Louise and Toby were the best friends in all the world?

And one day something happened which made everybody in the neighborhood talk. Mary Louise had a little baby sister, whose name was Marguerite, and who did not know how to walk, but she could stand up by a chair. One morning, as she stood holding on to the chair with her little hands, Toby walked up to her side and looked into her face, just as if he said, 'Do not be afraid, baby, for I will protect you.'

Baby Marguerite at once put her little-arm over Toby's neck and held closely to him, just as if she understood what he wanted to say. Then Toby began to walk slowly away from the chair, and little Marguerite took her first step, then another, and another; and all the time Toby kept his eyes on her little feet, watching her so she could not fall.

Presently Mary Louise came into the room and saw it, and clapped her hands in delight, and cried out, 'O mamma! O papa—grandma, grandpa—all of you come here! Toby is teaching the baby how to walk!'

Then papa and mamma and grandma and grandpa came running into the room. But Toby did not condescend to take notice of them, but walked along very slowly, watching the baby's steps as she walked along at his side with her arm over his neck.

After they had walked across the room the baby sat down on the floor, and Toby stood gazing at her and wagging his tail, as much as to say, 'If you are tired, dear little Marguerite, we will rest a while, and when you are ready I will give you another lesson in walking.' And so in the afternoon the baby took another walk with Toby, and the next day she walked round the room; and the day after she walked alone.

Now do you not think Toby was a good teacher? And would it not be funny if Toby should advertise to give lessons in walking, and send his card to all the babies of his acquaintance? Perhaps he would sign his name Professor Toby, and I do not believe his prices would be very high, because he is so fond of babies. I am sure they would be quite moderate. Do you think a bone a lesson too much? I am sure it would be a good way to pay him.

The Doll That Talked.

'Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?' asked Dollikins.

Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red, wax lips.

Dollikins gave her a little shake. 'Dear me!' she said. 'I do wish you could talk! I am so tired having a doll that never answers, no matter how much I say to her. It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There, go to sleep.'

DOROTHY ANN AND DOLLIKINS.

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy Ann and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up in her crib and opened her blue eyes wide.

'Mamma!' she said.

'Oh, you can talk,' cried Dollikins joyfully.

'Mamma, my pillow is not at all soft,' said Dorothy Ann in a complaining voice; 'and you forgot to take off my shoes.'

'I am sorry,' said Dollikins.

'And I didn't have anything but mashed potatoes for my dinner!' cried Dorothy Ann. 'I don't like mashed potatoes. Why don't I have things that I like, mamma?'

Dollikins's cheeks grew quite red. She remembered saying something very like this at luncheon the day before.

'I'm not a bit sleepy!' wailed Dorothy Ann. 'Why do I have to go to bed at seven o'clock, mamma? Other little girls don't. 'I wish——'

'Dorothy Ann,' said Dollikins, 'will you please not talk any more? It makes my head ache.' Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over and took up Dorothy Ann and looked at her. The red lips were smiling as ever, but tight shut.

'Good morning, Dorothy Ann,' said Dollikins. 'I am very glad that you do not know how to talk, my dear, for then you might be a sore trial to your mother.'—'Babyland.'

'Brave Mac!'

Poor little crippled Ettie had a great many friends. One of them had given her a present she grew to love very dearly. It was a tiny Persian kitten. A little soft thing with beautiful silky fur, that Ettie fell in love with directly she saw.

She called it Fluff, and all day long Fluff played about upon her couch and Ettie never seemed happy unless she had her dear little kitten with her.

Now the next door people had a large collie dog, whose name was Mac. Sometimes Mac would run in and see Ettie, and that was how he met Fluff. At first Ettie was afraid he would hurt her tiny pet, for Mac was such a great big fellow! But she soon saw he was as gentle and kind to Fluff as she was herself, so the dog and kitten grew to be great friends, and Ettie would lie and watch them play together, and often wonder how Fluff dared to pat Mac on the nose in such a cheeky manner. But Mac never minded what she did to him. Only now and then he would turn her gently over with his big paw and roll her about. Fluff seemed to enjoy that more than anything.

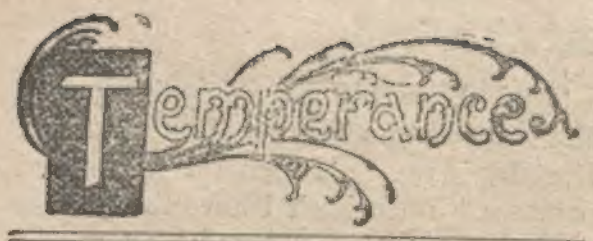
One day Ettie had a great shock. She had fallen asleep with Fluff by her side, and when she woke up her kitten had gone. She was nowhere in the room, and though her little mistress called her she did not come. All at once Ettie saw her from the window. She was actually running about the road. The poor little girl was filled with fear lest her favorite should be hurt and longed to be able to run and fetch her. Just as she was going to call her mother to do so for her, a cart-horse came trotting down the road with a boy on its back. Fluff did not seem to hear it, and as it drew near her, Ettie grew cold with terror, for she thought her beloved pet must be trodden under the horse's hoofs. As she was about to shut her eyes, because she could no longer bear to watch, Mac ran out, barking loudly, as he often did when anything passed down the road. He ran to the side of the path, and then Ettie knew he had seen Fluff, for he stood still and left off barking. The next minute he had the kitten in his mouth, and had carried her safely out of harm's way. Ettie clapped her hands for relief and joy.

'O, dear, brave old Mac!' she cried.

Then she called 'Mac! Mac!' and he came running in and laid Fluff down beside her.

Ettie did not know which to kiss first, Mac or Fluff! so she put one arm round each, and told Mac what a noble dog he was; and after she had given Fluff a good hug, she scolded her for running away in such a naughty manner.

Both dog and cat seemed to quite understand, for Mac looked very proud indeed, and Fluff never ran away again. —Edith Robarts, in the Northwest Christian Advocate.



What Will You Take?

'What will you take for friendship's sake?'
Oh, take the fruit which God has spread
In blushing beauty o'er your head.
Go, take the water from the spring,
And your Redeemer's praises sing;
But do not touch the rosy wine,
Nor let your feet to sin incline.
When tempted to embrace the foe,
Look up to Christ, and answer, NO!

'What will you take for friendship's sake?'
Oh, take the sunshine, bright and fair;
Take copious draughts of God's pure air.
Lay hold on Jesus' word and grace;
'Twill shield you from the tempter's gaze.
Oh, do not linger near the wine!
Its flame might quench the spark' divine.
Though legions seek your overthrow,
Look up to Christ, and shout your No!
—'Light and Reflector.'

An Awful Sight.

(By Wm. Ruddy.)

One summer evening about 7 o'clock, while coming from my work, my attention was called by a fellow workman to an awful sight directly across the street, and as I looked I beheld a man, the most hideous looking specimen of humanity I ever laid my eyes upon, and as I drew near I discovered that he was barefooted, his eyes were swollen and red, on his great head his black hair was standing straight out, his great form was bent over as he wearily made his way along the great thoroughfare.

I drew still nearer and recognized him as having been at one time a prosperous business man in a small town not far from the city of Toronto. When I first knew him he was the most successful business man in that place, he was sharp and shrewd and was doing well.

Living in that town myself I was in a position to see his daily and rapid downfall as he passed down the street from his place of business to the bar-room. Down and down he went, getting worse and worse, till at last his business was lost, his wife and family left him, his friends forsook him, and he was left a homeless wreck with no one to care for him. A few years more of drunken and riotous living and his body became feeble and diseased. Not long after I saw him that same evening, he was taken into the home for incurables and died. His body was taken back to the little town and laid at rest, and God only knows what became of his poor immortal soul. We can only hope he died repentant like the thief on the cross.

What an awful warning to young men not to take the first glass. I have no doubt this poor fellow thought when he took his first glass he could take another and another with perfect safety and quit when he liked, but unknown to him each glass was an invisible coil that wound around him more and more helpless to struggle against his horrible fate.

Drinking a Farm.

My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet a gulp. If you doubt this statement figure it for yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at $43.56 per acre, you will see that this brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour down that fiery dose, and just imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends, and have them help you gulp down that five-hundred-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there's dirt in it—one hundred square feet of good, rich dirt, worth $43.56 per acre.—'Western Plowman.'

Alcohol and Athletics.

Mr. J. C. Clegg, Chairman of the Football Association, and his brother, Sir W. E. Clegg, both of whom are 'past internationals,' may be cited as typical examples of the benefits derived from a life of total abstinence. In a recent article on football training and athletics, Mr. W. M'Gregor, the founder of the English Football League, says:—

'Mr. J. C. Clegg has been a life-long teetotaler and non-smoker. At one time he was supposed to be the fleetest runner in England, amateur or professional, and he is said to have won more races over a quarter of a mile than any man that ever put pumps on. Handicappers were particularly severe on him because they knew him to be a rigid teetotaler and a man who kept absolutely fit at all times.'

Mr. C. B. Fry, Dr. W. G. Grace, and Prince Ranjitsinhji, in their writings on cricket and other field sports, have frequently given expression to the view that alcoholic liquors should be avoided. Similar advice is from time to time given in the magazines devoted to physical culture. The Hon. F. S. Jackson says—'No man can long take drink and be a good cricketer.'

In connection with other branches of sport there occur to us the names of abstainers who have gained world-wide fame during recent years. These include G. Hackenschmidt, undefeated wrestling champion of the world; M. A. Holbein, the swimming expert; and S. F. Edge, the motor-racing champion, who won the Gordon-Bennett Cup in 1902.—'Temperance Leader.'

The Mocking Cup.

(By Rev. James Learmont, in the 'British Congregationalist.')

'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.'
—Prov. xx., 1.

That is the natural outcome of drinking wine. It cannot help itself. It is the nature of strong drink to mock the strongest men, and to make men who are naturally kind and tender-hearted rage like madmen. For long years it has been at this work, and still men seem to waste the experience of all the ages, they still drink strong drink. In our day and Sunday Schools you are now taught something about the terrible nature of intoxicating drinks, and as I read a story the other day that illustrates its power for mischief I will tell it to you.

'Boy Billy' was the adopted son of Christian Yeude, an honest German, who was much shocked one day at seeing the boy in a public-house tossing off a foaming glass of beer. He bade the boy go home, but said nothing till evening. After tea Yeude seated himself at the table, and placed before him a variety of queer things,

Billy looked on with curiosity.

'Come here, Billy,' said Christian Yeude. 'Why were you in the beer-shop to-day? Why do you drink beer, my boy?'

'Oh—oh—because it's good,' said Billy boldly.

'No, Billy, it's not good to the mouth. I did never see so big faces as you did make, Billy; you think it will taste good by and by, and so you drink. Now, Billy, if it is good, have it. I will not hinder you from what is good and manly, but drink it at home, Billy, and let me pay for it. Come, my boy, you like beer; well, open your mouth, and I will put it in.'

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Yeude:

'Don't make me mad, Billy, open your mouth.'

Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and Yeude put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face. A bit of aloes followed. That was worse. Billy winced. The least morsel of red pepper now, from a knife point, made Billy howl.

'What, not like beer?' said Yeude. 'Open your mouth.'

A knife dipped in oil of turpentine made Billy cry.

'Open your mouth, the beer is not half made yet.'

And Billy's tongue got the least dusting of lime, and potash, and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly. Then came a grain of liquorice, hop pollen, and saltpetre.

'Look Billy! Here is some arsenic and some strychnine, which is used to kill rats!'

'I shall die! Oh—oh—oh—do you want to kill me, Father Yeude?'

'Kill you! Just by a little beer, all good and pure! You tell me you like beer, and it is manly to drink it, and when I give you some you cry I kill you. Here is water. There is much water in beer.'

Billy drank the water eagerly. Yeude went on:

'There is much alcohol in beer. Here, open your mouth.' And he dropped four drops of raw spirits carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room, and then ran for more water.

'Come here, the beer is not done, Billy,' and seizing him he put the cork of an ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, and a drop of gall.

'There, Billy! There is jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid, and nux vomica. Open your mouth!'

'Oh, no, no,' said Billy. 'Let me go. I hate beer. I'll never drink any more!' I'll never go in that shop again. Oh, let me go! I cannot eat those things. My mouth tastes awful now. Oh, take them away, Father Yeude.'

'Take them away! Take away good beer when I have paid for it? My boy, you drank them fast enough to-day.'

'Oh, they make me sick,' said Billy.

'A man drinks all these bad things mixed up in water. He gets red in the face; he gets big in the body; he gets shaky in his hands; he gets weak in the eyes; he gets mean in his manners.'

Billy was satisfied on the beer question. I hope you are. If you want to be strong and clever you must keep your brain cool and your blood healthy, and you can never do that if you drink beer and other drinks—'liquid fire,' as the Indians used to call it. You can see that very clearly from the effect on Billy's mouth.

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PICTURES FOR JUNE

'He cometh not, she said' might easily be the title of the charming cover Picture of the June 'Canadian Pictorial,' the frontispiece of which is a portrait of the Hon. L. J. Tweedie, Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick. Typical Canadian spring scenes, orchards in full bloom, etc., are seasonable. Some capital pictures are shown of the thrilling incidents connected with the recent disaster to H.M.S. 'Gladiator,' while a page of pictures, specially taken for the 'Pictorial' by a Canadian in Calcutta, gives some interesting glimpses of Britain's Indian troops. The Canadian Building at the Franco-British Exhibition in London will be of interest, also the room at 10 Downing Street, where the Cabinet meets; and the funeral of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and portraits of Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill. A timely article deals with the new system of providing playgrounds for children. Very quaint and interesting is the old fashioned brick oven still in use by many a French-Canadian housewife. Other pictures are: Doukhobors farming in the West; Characters from the Merchant of Venice, Revival of Coaching in England, etc., etc. The Woman's Dept. contains a portrait of Mrs. Tweedie, wife of Lieut.-Governor Tweedie, also its usual quota of fashion and household hints, patterns, etc., the whole making up a delightful number that any home would enjoy.

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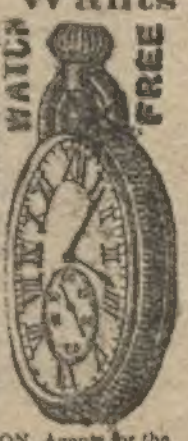

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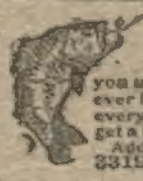
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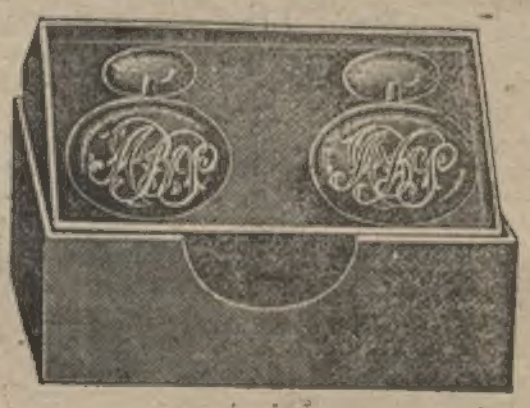

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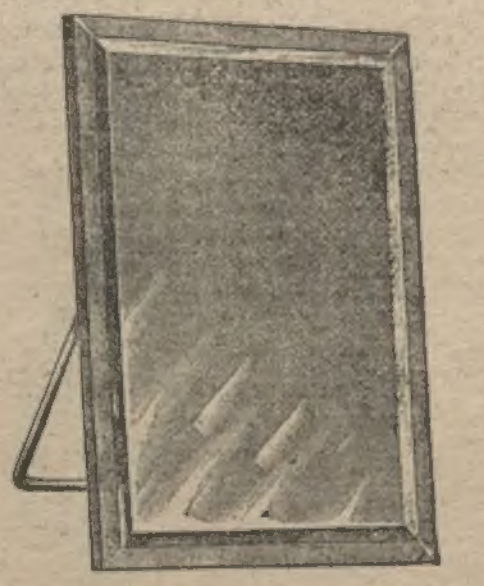

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